

AS SON LIES DYING HIS MOTHER STABS DRUNKEN FATHER

She Is Arrested While Man
and Youth Are Expected
Not to Live.

Ride by side in the Long Island College Hospital, Andrew Bedler and his son, John, are dying. In the Adams Street station, Brooklyn, the wife and mother, Mrs. Mary Bedler, is waiting over the tragedy that probably will take from her both her husband and son.

Andrew Bedler, fifty-five years old, is a retired United States navy seaman. He lived with his wife and son, John, nineteen years old, at No. 87 51st street, Brooklyn. The son, an only child, is dying of consumption. For months father and mother have nursed him tenderly, watching life slowly ebb away. Last night the boy's condition became critical. Hemorrhage followed hemorrhage. All night Bedler and his wife sat at his bedside expecting death at any moment.

This morning the sight of the boy, whom he was powerless to aid, unnerved the elder Bedler and he left the house. At noon John's condition became so serious that Mrs. Bedler hurried to a nearby saloon to telephone to the Long Island College Hospital for an ambulance. As she turned from the telephone she saw her husband against the bar with several old naval cronies. He had been drinking heavily, "drowning his sorrow," he told his wife.

Infuriated by the sight of her husband's condition and half crazed over the dying son at home, Mrs. Bedler berated him roundly. When she had left the saloon, Bedler's chums derided him for permitting his wife to speak as she had.

"You are no sailor man," one of them told him. "You're a marine. You fought with Sampson at Santiago, but you surely do take yours from a woman." Bedler left the saloon and hurried home. Mrs. Bedler was peeling potatoes. She says her husband cursed and attacked her. In self-defense, she says, she thrust her arm straight out, the keen blade of her knife going four inches into his groin.

When the ambulance arrived for the son the elder Bedler was given medical attention and father and son were hurried to the hospital. Mrs. Bedler was arrested.

HE'S THE LAST IRISHMAN ON FAMOUS CHERRY HILL.

Flannigan, in Strange Company,
Finds He Must Carry
a Gun.

When Martin Flannigan, eighteen years old, of No. 26 Cherry street, was arraigned before Judge Swann in General Sessions to-day, charged with having a revolver in his possession without a license, he pleaded guilty.

In explanation, Flannigan's attorney, Michael Delagi, of No. 111 Centre street, told the Court that Flannigan was the only Irish youth now living on Cherry Hill. A Greek, Mr. Delagi said, told a German policeman that Flannigan had a revolver and the policeman arrested him.

"Is that so?" Judge Swann asked the policeman.

"That is correct," replied the officer. "This chap is the last of the Irish on Cherry Hill."

At the request of Lawyer Delagi, Judge Swann remanded Flannigan to the Tombs until Friday next for investigation.

Have You Seen—?

Have you seen "Kismet?"

Have you seen "The Garden of Allah?"

Their blaze of Oriental atmosphere has caught public fancy.

Do you want to read a story that is better than either of them? Far more exciting—more brilliant Oriental coloring—more exciting action and mystery?

Then read "The Carpet from Bagdad," by Harold McGrath.

"The Carpet from Bagdad" will begin serial publication in Thursday's Evening World.

It is a romance of Broadway and the Sahara. The most thrilling novel of East and West.

Remember, "The Carpet from Bagdad" will begin in Thursday's Evening World.

Day after to-morrow.

A Hint in a Chill

This is Nature's warning that "something is doing"—some germ is at work against which you have to exert the best, safest and quickest remedy. For a cold—often though you call it—just a cold—is not a cold.

It inflames the lining of the mucous membrane, and renders it susceptible to any germ. Indeed a cold, however slight, is a germ, present and ready to destroy. A sore throat may be incipient diphtheria or bronchitis; ringing in the ears may mean deafness; or the cold may "settle" in any one of the vital organs, closing them against circulation, causing stoppage and poisoning of the entire system.

Remember, a Catarrhal Jelly is a logical, simple, and inexpensive treatment which acts at the same time as the proverbial ounce of prevention and the pound of cure. It restores the thickened membrane, stops abnormal discharges and from the passages that the healing air may filter and purify.

For, after all, air is the best medicine, but air is polluted in passing over diseased surfaces. Cure the passages, kill the germs; soothe, cleanse, and soothe and nourish with Kordon's Catarrhal Jelly.

Stop at your drugist's today for a tube of Kordon's Catarrhal Jelly only 50 or 60 cents. It will be the best thing you can do. If you don't find it at your drugist's we will send a good sized sample free on receipt of a postal or letter to prove that instant relief results from its use.

If you are suffering from hay fever, catarrh, or even a "croup" cold—Kordon's Catarrhal Jelly is the only thing that will cure you. It is the only thing that Kordon's Catarrhal Jelly will do.

Write to Kordon's Catarrhal Jelly Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

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ROOSEVELT VOTERS!

Vote To-night at the Primaries!

Let No Boss Cheat You!

You Constitute Seventy Per Cent.
of the Enrolled Republicans of

New York County--Don't Be Throttled

Mark Here



(Under the
Black Square)

Mark Here



(Under the
Black Square)

The leader for the time being, whoever he may be, is but an instrument, to be used until broken and then to be cast aside; and if he is worth his salt he will care no more when he is broken than a soldier cares when he is sent where his life is forfeit in order that the victory may be won.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

This battle is the people's cause. If the Roosevelt men all vote at the primaries to-night they will sweep the county like a whirlwind. But you must fight with your votes until the polls close to-night if you are to win!

Give up ten minutes of your time to Theodore Roosevelt for the seven years that he gave up for you!

The polls are open until nine o'clock. After that it will be too late. *Get out and vote.* There is ample time after you read this to get to your polling place and to take with you a Republican neighbor whose feet may be lagging.

Theodore Roosevelt's fight is for you. *The only interests he knows or has ever obeyed are your interests.* He believes the people should have their way.

The *only way* to have *your way* is to vote at to-night's primaries and to *vote for Roosevelt.* Don't waver. Don't trust to luck. Don't shirk your duty.

The most careful canvass ever made of the voters of New York County has just been completed. It shows that *Seventy Per Cent.* of the enrolled Republican voters of the County are in favor of Roosevelt's nomination.

Yet such are the methods being followed by the desperate opposition that *every vote of that seventy per cent. will be needed before the polls close to-night.*

The canvass shows that a substantial majority of the enrolled Republican voters in *twenty-four* of the *thirty-five* Assembly Districts favor Roosevelt.

Are you going to be counted out by not going to the polls to vote?

That is not Theodore Roosevelt's method of doing things. *Wherever and whenever duty calls he answers.*

His battle in this city to-night, like Lincoln's four-year struggle, depends upon the plain people. Throughout the city, wherever the plain, honest citizenship of New York predominates, the Roosevelt vote is strongest.

Your vote is needed to-night—your active support is vital to the cause. Help get other votes besides your own. Roosevelt's friends in this contest are volunteers; they have no machine. Every man is on duty because he wants the Republican party to win, to have a candidate with courage and conscience—one who inspires and commands the faith of the nation.

It is up to you, *each individual voter*, not to let this cause of the people suffer defeat through negligence, or through the efforts of machine politicians.

You will be met by trickery. You will be met by repeaters. You will be met by the guerilla tactics of men bent on defeating the people's will. You will be met by every desperate device that can be thought of to offset your vote and stifle your voice in the result.

Every possible trick and influence that can be used to keep Roosevelt voters away from the primaries to-night—to count out the Roosevelt ballots—will be employed.

"Win by fair means or foul," is the order to the machine district bosses. They privately concede that the Roosevelt sentiment is in the majority, but openly boast of their ability to overcome it.

Yet, with all this, they *cannot overcome it* if you will all go out and vote! There will be no inaction or lethargy on the part of the opposition—there must be none on yours.

Get there as early as you can and *mark in the circle under the black square.*

This is your opportunity to name a Presidential candidate who can and will win in November. This is your time to make the local machine recognize your right to a voice in the party.

The few hours that remain between now and nine o'clock are hours of destiny, which may and probably will affect the history of the country.

Awaken to your duty—awaken to the danger that assails the popular will. Remember that Roosevelt in this struggle courageously represents the principles that you believe in; he will put them into effect. If you do not vote for him at to-night's primaries you may not have an opportunity to vote for him in November.

Ten minutes of *action* by you to-night may save *four years of regret.*